

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. V.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1807.

[NUMBER XXI.]

THE FAIR PENITENT.

(In continuation.)

HENRY, confounded by what he had heard and seen, anxiously wished to be alone with Montauban, that he might obtain from him information to satisfy his eager curiosity. The fatigue of travelling afforded him a pretext to leave the company early; and Beaumanoir having invited him to stay the following day, he assented, and retired with Montauban. When Henry was alone with his friend, the latter, without waiting to be questioned, said to him—'I perceive that you have never before been in this province; you cannot have resided in any part of it, since you are unacquainted with the tragical history of the beautiful and unfortunate Valerie.'

'It is true,' answered Henry, 'that I have always lived at a great distance from this country; and I only know the name of this extraordinary character, the seigneur Beaumanoir, from the report of fame concerning the battle of the thirty. Neither am I ignorant, my dear Montauban, that you were one of the heroes of that memorable day, since which time I have not seen you.'

'On that same day,' replied Montauban, 'I engaged in another contest, less celebrated, but not less perilous, and no person is more capable than myself of satisfying your curiosity. I have now been settled four years in this province, am united to the intimate friend and relation of the unfortunate Valerie, and have been one of the defenders of that victim of the most singular cruelty.'

'Is not the amiable Valerie,' answered Henry, 'the daughter of the stern Beaumanoir?'

'Alas! she is his wife;' rejoined Montauban. 'It cannot be doubted that she was culpable, but you shall judge whether she has expiated her offence.'

Thus saying, Montauban took a seat by the side of Henry, and after pausing a short time to recollect himself, resumed his discourse, and began the following narrative:

'The seigneur de Beaumanoir was not born destitute of virtues or generosity; but an exorbitant pride has corrupted all his natural good qualities, by contracting his mind, and rendering him vindictive, implacable, and producing all that inflexible rigour which self estimation too frequently gives birth to. His natural great powers are only employed in disguising, and not in restraining, the violent emotions of his passions. No man is capable of more perfidious dissimulation, when he thinks it necessary for the accomplishment of his designs. Whatever is splendid or singular, pleases him, but he never had a just idea of true glory. Fame and glory he is more desirous of obtaining, than to possess the sentiments which deservedly acquire it. Even guilt has in his eyes something heroic, if it be accompanied by extraordinary, or uncommon achievements. With this character he combines the most erroneous mind and great pretensions to originality; and he is singular and cruel from system. He is inhuman, because he confounds ferocity with energy, and the most inflexible obstinacy with firmness

of mind: in short, he glories in cruelty on the presumption that it must inspire the highest admiration and astonishment. You have arrived, my dear Ciermont, at a fortunate moment, since you will be present at the denouement and conclusion of a tragedy which has continued so many years. The last act, thank Heaven! was performed to night; and tomorrow you will see the cruel Beaumanoir perform a part less odious, but still more ridiculous, if possible; for he will flatter himself that he shall astonish by his clemency, after having terrified all around him by a vengeance of five years.

'The unfortunate Valerie, left an orphan at the age of fourteen, had the misfortune, by her unrivalled beauty, to attract and fix the attention of Beaumanoir. He despised women; not that he had an ill opinion of their moral character, but because their natural timidity and their physical weakness made him consider them as beings of a very inferior nature to that of the other sex. The duty of protecting them necessarily included, according to his ideas, the right of despotic government over them. It was in the power of beauty to inflame his ardent passions, but not to subdue or tenderly affect him. Valerie had no fortune; but Beaumanoir, who was rich, magnificent, and liberal, desired none: he wished only for a beautiful slave, very ignorant, and equally submissive. The tender age of Valerie was a security for her innocence; and she scarcely dared to raise her eyes towards her exalted and haughty lover. Beaumanoir was pleased at seeing that he inspired her with awe; for he considered her fears as an avowal of inferiority, which was all, even in love,

that could flatter him. He married Valerie. The absolute rule of her disdainful husband did not render her unhappy: she never contended with him; but, as she was simple and timid, implicitly obeyed him. Beaumanoir endeavoured not to please, nor did he anxiously require love. He was not jealous, being persuaded that the honour of bearing his name, was a sufficient guarantee for the virtue of his spouse. He did not seem to reckon on tenderness and gratitude in his consort, but on that pride of soul which he thought it impossible for the lady Beaumanoir to be without when she reflected on the birth and warlike exploits of her husband. Valerie had been married nine months when she became a mother. She had not yet attained her fifteenth year; and she enjoyed this happiness with true maternal sensibility, and all the delight of a child. She would at this time have become most fondly and sincerely attached to her husband, had he appeared to participate in her feelings; but he scorned to be a father: he had only a daughter. Valerie idolized her infant, and would see it, carry it in her arms, and caress it every moment in the day: even while at table she would not be separated from it. Beaumanoir, instead of gently restraining this affecting childishness, ridiculed it contemptuously. He harshly declared he could not endure the cries of an infant; and he commanded the nurse always to remain at the other extremity of the castle, and not to approach his presence. This savage conduct appeared intolerable to a young and fond mother. Valerie had borne without murmuring or anger, the haughty treatment of an imperious husband, but she felt an abhorrence of the insensible father. She could not conceive it possible to see without adoring, or, at least, without admiring, her little Emma; (that was the name of her child) and Emma's father, refusing disdainfully to caress or shew any kind of fondness for this beloved infant, became in her eyes, the most ferocious and hateful of beings.

"It was at this time that the young Adelmar, after an absence of three years, returned to the province. He was then eight-and-twenty years of age. He had lost his father, who fell gloriously in a battle against the English, and he came to take possession of the small inheritance left him by his mother. Beaumanoir had been in several engagements with Adelmar, in one of which, by a fortunate assistance, he had saved the life of this young knight, whose valour he esteemed—the only quality in a man which could obtain his approbation. From that time he always saw with pleasure the man who recalled to his recollection an action truly deserving praise. In fact, he declared himself the friend of Adelmar, and perhaps he really thought himself so. He never imagined he could love any person unless he had conferred his protection on them in such a manner, as to do honour to himself.

"The simplicity, gentleness, and beauty of Valerie inspired Adelmar with a violent passion; and he had the baseness to deliver himself up to this criminal sentiment. Without regard for his benefactor, without compassion for innocence the most interesting, he formed the vile project of corrupting a child, the more easily seduced, because she was equally tender and ingenious. Adelmar pitied her; he lamented with her the harshness of Beaumanoir; he drew tears from her, and, sympathising with her, shed tears himself. Above all, he caressed the little Emma; he carried her in his arms; he was in ecstasies at her beauty when he saw her sleeping, or when he contemplated her on the lap of her mother. Thus by degrees he insinuated himself into the heart of the unfortunate Valerie, and induced her to participate in and return his guilty love. He wrote to her, and received answers from her. This correspondence continued more than two months without being suspected by Beaumanoir, who had not even the most distant idea of the aversion that Valerie had conceived for him, since she manifested it only

by an increased timidity and fear, which in the eyes of Beaumanoir was nothing more than a stronger expression of profound respect, which he congratulated himself upon.

(To be Continued.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

ON SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

MAN is so closely connected to his fellow man, both by artificial habits, and instinctive principles, and so dependent on him for support and happiness, that a sense of duty and obligation should alone prompt him to cultivate his friendship and esteem. This we however observe too frequently violated and trampled upon. At the present day we find few indeed, who study to strengthen the ties of amity and love, between the various members of society; and still fewer, who endeavour to promote the ease, comfort, and happiness, of their fellow beings, by an observance of the minor civilities and courtesies of life, which so strongly tend to soften the asperities of our natures; to improve our dispositions, and polish our manners. Great and extraordinary virtues can only be exercised on great and extraordinary occasions; but the lesser ones of politeness, affability, and good nature, call for exertion in every situation of life, and at almost every period of existence.

They who, by neglecting to cultivate these accomplishments, wantonly inflict pain upon the hearts of their fellow beings, deserve, in our opinion, ever to be excluded from polished society. That man who is unwilling to sacrifice the smallest portion of his own happiness to the advancement of another's, may in the strictest sense of the word, be called a selfish being; but such we have discovered to be the majority of those who affect to despise common politeness, and common civilities; they are for the most part,

deficient both in dignity of sentiment, and delicacy of feeling.

In order to promote our own happiness, and the happiness of society, we should endeavour, by a conciliating conduct, to gain the good will and affections of mankind; and, by a mutual interchange of good offices, to render social intercourse a source of the most refined pleasure. But as desirable as the accomplishment of this end may be, yet is it ever likely to meet with the united opposition of folly, ignorance, pertness, and affectation. There are so many whose interests, passions, and inclinations, lead them to pursue a contrary mode of conduct, that we can hardly hope to effect an entire reformation of these evils. We shall, therefore, be satisfied with a limited success. We shall be content, if by exhibiting on canvas a few portraits, we can expose to contempt, their ridiculous originals, who infest every society, and disturb the enjoyment of every social circle.

Among the foremost of these, we do not hesitate to rank the illustrious WILL WITTE. Will has made the study of puer the business of a whole life, and it must be acknowledged that he has bro't them to some degree of perfection. In every company Will is equally fond of exercising his favourite talent. Nobody with whom he associates is deprived of the exquisite pleasure of often hearing his delectable double entendres. Will is one of those Cynic Philosophers, who strive, on all occasions, to injure your feelings, and to wound your sensibility; he even sometimes so far forgets himself, as to cause the burning blush of modesty to mount on the female cheek, by the indelicacy of his wit, or the obscenity of his puns.

DICK DANGLE, another of those insignificant animals, is the professed admirer and the devoted slave of the ladies. None are more constant in their attentions, and none more sincere in their adoration of the fair, than Dangle. To every female

party Dick is an indispensable. To every ball he is a subscriber, and on every subscription list his name stands first. He frequents all places of public amusement, chiefly for the purpose of showing his pretty face, and fine clothes. Dick's foppery, affectation, and effeminacy, have long made him an object of ridicule and contempt to his own sex; but to the other, his delicate attentions, his polite civilities, and ardent desire to please, have rendered him almost an universal favourite.

PIC NIC, is a being whom every body knows, but with whom few would wish to cultivate an acquaintance. He is usually considered as a fellow of little intellect, but much impudence. He figures away in all circles, as a retailer of theatrical anecdotes, he has been introduced to the actors, who court his favor, that they may avert his censure. The illustrious Pic Nic seldom or ever visits the theatre, with the intention of being pleased, but generally for the purpose of censuring and criticising the performances, to shew his superior sagacity, taste, and refinement.

NUMPO SCULLIUS, a student of a famous university, delights in nothing so much, as in ridiculing its hoary and honorable professors. Numpo would vainly wish to persuade us that these sons of erudition, these bright luminaries of the western hemisphere, are mere pretenders to science. Numpo is continually teasing you with a relation of college anecdotes, and college eccentricities; and will sometimes, to the absolute discomfiture of a whole company, laugh most obstreperously at the tricks which he himself has played on the old ones.

MERCUTIO.

LOVE.

THAT impetuous and violent passion which is denominated love, is nothing but an aberration produced by the imagination. It is from a warm and unbridled

fancy, and not from a tender heart that it acquires its greatest strength; a fatal movement, whose cause is disgraceful, whose effects are criminal, which derives its power from our weakness, and leaves behind frequently cutting remorse, and always bitter regret for the loss of a fragile illusion, which time and reason must inevitable destroy. Conformity of minds and tastes, a real and profound esteem are the sole ground-work of solid attachment, the pure and durable sentiments befitting the soul of a woman at the same time tender and rational.

Love at the present day is desirous of celebrity; the general opinion decides its choice. Women clothed, rather than embellished with all the charms of a cultivated understanding and numerous accomplishments, dazzle more, and affect less. Ought we even to give the name of love to that kind of sentiment which is inspired by a person who shines in conversation, by means of ingenious sallies, who dances, who sings and plays on the harp in a superior style? No, attachment is not created by exciting a frivolous admiration; splendid accomplishments may obtain conquests, but a higher charm is necessary to gain, and still more to fix the heart. How profound, how durable is the love, inspired, not amid the tumult of a ball or of a brilliant concert, but in the bosom of an interesting family! How affecting is this sentiment, so noble and so pure, which is formed and strengthened by those very principles we revere!

Love does not awake in the heart of a virtuous woman those violent feelings the offspring of a disordered imagination. It does not obtain possession of the soul by force, but steals into it. It does not burst forth like a devouring flame, but diffuses around, its genial warmth; it is so timid, and so unassuming, that it appears abashed; it is so generous, that it resembles friendship.

A return, in love, cannot be a duty. A man obtains it, not because he deserves, but because he inspires it: this constitutes its charms.

fatal secrets. She has not been told in vain, by a crafty old woman, that Cupid flew away when the too inquisitive Psyche examined him by the light of a perfidious lamp.

* The ancients had scarcely any doors in the interior of their houses, but only tapestry hangings or curtains. For this reason, we always see the interior of the house represented by a kind of drapery or curtain. In the magnificent palaces of the ancients, there were *velarii*, whose employment was to open and draw these curtains.

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

UPON my honor! why truly, Mr. Editor, methinks you must have had a good deal of assurance, when you published to the world such an attack upon our sex. So then, every thing that we do or say, must be criticised at this rate, by any censorious saucebox that just takes it in his head! we too upon whose smiles and whose frowns half the miseries, and all the happiness of man depend. I protest, I never was so mist in my life—except once in the ball-room, when—but I forget who I am talking to. What I intend by honouring you at present with this billet, is, that you would inform this gentleman, Mr. P. that is so officious in our concerns, that, if he does not make a very handsome bow and scrape, in the very next Miscellany, and besides that, a very handsome apology for the levity with which he has presumed to attack our inalienable rights and privileges, that I am authorised to declare in this public manner, and in the name of all our sex, who read the Miscellany, that we will not read in future, a single dissertation, essay, rondeau, sonnet, or elegy, whatsoever, subscribed by a P.

N. B. Kitty says, (but I don't believe her) that she would not read the last, merely from the above cause.

I am, Sir, yours,

BELLARIA.

Editor Lady's Mis.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

To R.

WHEN grief corrodes the troubled mind,
When life, alas! no charms impart;
Then, lovely maid, could you not find
Some sparks of comfort for my heart.

Yes, dearest girl, I know full well,
Your lovely aid you'd freely give;
With rapture, quickly you would tell
The means by which I yet could live.

If sympathy your heart did bind,
My life in happiness you'd save;
This bless'd return I ne'er shall find,
No hopes remain but in the grave.

E.

SELECTIONS.

A SAILOR appeared in the Court of King's Bench, as a witness on a trial for an assault committed on board his ship: after he had stated the circumstances, the counsel for the defendant, in the cross examination, asked whether the plaintiff or defendant struck first? On which he said, "I do not know what you call plaintiff and defendant. I know, as I have told his lordship already, that Tom knocked Harry down with a marlinspike." "Here, gemmen of the jury," said the counsel, "is a pretty witness, who does not know the plaintiff from the defendant! Proceeding in his cross-examination, the counsel asked in what part of the ship the affray happened? "Abaft the binnacle," replied Jack. "And pray, friend, where is abaft the binnacle?" "Here," said he, "is a pretty counsellor for you, gentlemen, who does not know abaft the binnacle!"

A GENTLEMAN who was very morose and ill-natured, at home, in his family, was remarkably facetious and merry abroad, insomuch, that he was more than ordinarily entertaining wherever he went, which occasioned at lady once, at a merry meeting where he was, to say to one present, who knew him well, "Surely, if that gentleman is married, his wife must

be extremely happy, for he is quite the fiddle of the company." "Very true, madam," says the person she spoke to; "but he always hangs his fiddle up at the door when he goes home."

Mr. Pope, who, notwithstanding his diminutive and misshapen figure, was not a little vain of his person, having asked Swift what people thought of him in Ireland: "Why," said Swift, "they think you are a very little man, but a very great poet." Pope retorted, with some acrimony, "They think the very reverse of you in England."

For the Lady's Miscellany.

BROADWAY!!!

CROUDS of beaux, and swarms of ladies,
Who of frost nor cold afraid is;
Merchants, of all sorts and sizes,
On speculative enterprizes
Seeking fortunes—*drives with money*—
In this land of milk and honey.
Jostling, riding, sleighing, walking,
Up and down forever talking.
Frenchmen Ca Ira! keep moving,
Pushing forward, driving, shoving—
German, Irish, Dutch, and Russian,
Sulky John Bull midst th' confusion.
Supercargo's clerks by dozens,
Fathers, mothers, sisters, cousins—
All in bustling league together,
Minding neither wind nor weather.
Sleighs with thousand bells a tinkling,
Racing the Town o'er in a twinkling—
Bays, and greys, and blacks, so dashing,
Four in hand through Broadway splashing.
Citizens, and Jews so wealthy,
Purblind Beaux and Belles so healthy—
Forming parties—news retailing—
Making bargains—war bewailing—
Talking politics and scandal,
Taking New Orleans by the handle—
Lounging and sauntering, so delightful,
Some so handsome, some so frightful—
Of every sort—of every nation
Throughout this great and wide creation.
To what I know not to compare it,
To nought resembling, I declare it,
From your idea to what may strike it,
But this is BROADWAY!!! How d'ye like it?

JULIA FRANCISCA.

COXCOMBS.

You will see coxcombs more or less polished, more or less intelligent, but you must admit that, at the bottom, they are all alike. Governed by the most contemptible and silly vanity, destitute of elevation, of principles, of respect for women, they are all liars, arrogant, indiscreet. Such are the horrible vices which characterize them all, and which are alike the portion of the most dexterous, and of the most awkward, and the most ridiculous.

Dainval is a young coxcomb, without sense, without breeding, and without principles, joining to the affectation of perpetual irony, the pretension to think philosophically, laughing at every thing, deciding with self-sufficiency, considering the most sacred sentiments, or honorable actions, as prejudices or foibles, and thinking himself profound for calumniating virtue.

ENVY.

Envy makes a man cruel and unjust. It leads to hatred, the blackest, the most odious of all passions.

All vices are, in general, carried to a higher pitch in the world of fashion, than in provincial places, with the exception of envy. This disgraceful passion is more black and more violent in a narrow circle, than amidst the greatest dissipation. In the country nothing diverts the attention from it: the occasions which excite it are incessantly recurring, and the object of it is continually in sight.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21.

To note the passing tidings of the times.

By an arrival at Boston, in 26 days from Liverpool, London papers have been received as late as the 12th of February, by which it appears that the Russians in the battle of Pultusk, although eventually forced to retreat, lay claim to a

partial victory. They retired in good order, and the French acknowledge they did not think proper to follow them. The battle was hard fought, and the ground dearly purchased. The Russians say Bonaparte commanded in person; and we know that one of his aids, (Rapp) was wounded, and another (Segur) was taken prisoner, and sent to Russia.

The Emperor Napoleon had not (as reported by the Marbhead arrival) quitted his army. The Empress Josephine had arrived in Paris.

Mrs. Johnson, late of the theatre in this city, and long and deservedly the favorite of the public, was, we observe by the London prints, sustaining the principal parts in tragedy, at the Brighton theatre, in October last, with the celebrated Cooke. In a critique on the performance of Macbeth, it is stated that her lady Macbeth was the best supported character of the piece, Mr. Cooke being much too spirited to give satisfaction. Her benefit, "*The way to get Married*," and "*Love laughs at Locksmiths*," attracted a very elegant and numerous auditory. If any proof were necessary to establish the excellence of this actress, this would be conclusive, as Brighton, during the residence of the Prince of Wales, is considered the head quarters of taste and fashion.

People's Friend.

Deaths in this city during the last week, Men 14, Women 8, Boys 13, Girls 11—total 46.

MARRIED.

At Hempstead-harbour, (L. I.) on Sunday evening last, Mr. Coles Hopkins, to Miss Ann Magee.

At Middlesex, Monmouth county, N Jersey, on the 4th inst. by the rev. John Fountain, William Imlay, esq. to Miss Lydia Combs, daughter of James Combs, esq. all of the above place.

On the 4th inst. by the rev. Dr. Linn, Mr. Richard Duncan, to Miss Margaret Radcliffe, of Albany.

DIED.

On Wednesday morning, Mr. Thomas Pearsall, in the 72d year of his age.

On Tuesday night, Mrs. J. Maitland, aged 28 years, daughter of the late Wm. Seton, esq. In England, rev. 5th, the celebrated General Pasco, a son, the Corsican Patriot, and grandfather of Bonaparte.



Just Received,
A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT
OF LADY'S ORNAMENT-D
COMBS,

of the newest Fashion. Also Ladies plain Tortoise shell Combs of all kinds, for sale by N. SMITH, Chymical perfumier from London, at the sign of the Golden Rose, No. 114 Broadway.



Purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 and 8s. each.

Gentlemen's morocco pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete, in a small compass.

Odours of roses, for smelling bottles. Violet and palm soap, 2s per square. His chymical blacking cakes, 4s 6d. Almond powder, for the skin, 8s per lb.

His circassia, or antique oil, for curling, glossing, and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey, 4s per bottle.

Highly improved, sweet-scented, hard and soft pomatums 1s. per pot or roll. Roked do 2s.

His improved chymical milk of roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and excellent for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions. 6s 9s and 12s per bottle, or three dollars per quart.

His Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and to keep it from coming out or turning grey, 4s and 8s per pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white hair powder 1s per lb.

violet double scented do. 1s 6d do.

beautiful rose powder 2s 6d do.

Highly improved hard and soft pomatums 1s. per pot or roll, double 2s.

His white almond wash ball 2. & 3s. each. common ditto 1s. Camphor 2s. 3s. do. Ditto vegetable ditto. Gentlemen's shaving boxes filled with best soap at 2s. each.

Balsamic lip salve of roses for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, cures roughness and chaps leaves the skin smooth, 2s & 4s. per box.

Savonnette royal paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s. per pot.

His chymical Dentifrice tooth-powder, for the teeth and gums, 2s. & 4s. per box.

SMITH'S assortment in the above line is very extensive, and each article will be sold on reasonable terms. * * Suitable allowance to those who buy to sell again. March 21.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

Two or three Tailoresses regularly bred to the trade. Also, two or three female apprentices to the above business. Inquire at 214 Greenwich street. March 21.

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house No. 92, Greenwich-street, at the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter.

Ladies and gentlemen attended at their own houses as usual. Dec 27.



Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

FRANTIC JESSY.

SOFT touch the lyre, attune the lay,
And plaintive be the strain :
And as the trembling strings rebound,
Let sportive echoes catch the sound,
And sighing murmuring all the day,
Of Jessy's woes complain.

See where she sits in anguish mute :
Mark that fair form that phrenzied eye ;
Hurried and wild she strikes the lute,
Each note responding with a sigh ;
'Tis faithless love supplies the theme,
Her waking care, her nightly dream.

At every sounding footstep near,
She starts—she flies—with palsied fear :
How vain are love's alarms !
Now cheating fancy brings to view
Her lover's image, fond and true :
She flies to meet his arms.

Illusive Hope, ah ! why deceive ?
Henry has false and perjurd prov'd :
Despoil'd—then left the fair to grieve,
Scorn'd by the object once belov'd—
Now jealous pangs her bosom tear ;
She shrieks with rage and keen despair.

She climbs in haste the ragged steep ;
Rent are her garments—wild her mein ;
She views the foaming angry wave .
Exclaims, " Here sorrows find a grave !"
Then plunging headlong 'mid the deep,
No more is " Frantic Jessy " seen. E.

A RIDDLE BY COWPER.

I am just two, and two, I am warm, I am cold,
And the parent of numbers that cannot be told.
I am lawful, unlawful—a duty, a fault,
I am often sold dear, good for nothing when bought
An extraordinary boon, and a matter of course,
And yielded with pleasure when taken by force.
(Solution next week.)

A Z I D,

Or the Song of the Captive Negro.

POOR Mora eye be wed wid tear,
And heart like lead sink down wid wo :
She seem her mournful fiends to hear,
And see der eye like fountain flow.
No more she give me song so gay,
But sigh, ' Adieu, dear Domahay.'

No more for deck her head and hair,
Me look in stream, bright gold to find ;
Nor seek de field for flower so fair,
Wid garland Mora hair to bind.
' Far off de stream !' I weeping say,
' Far off de fields of Domahay.'

But why do Azid live a slave,
And see a slave his Mora dear ?
Come, let we seek at once de grave—
No chain, no tyrant den we fear.
Ah, me ! I hear a spirit say,
' Come, Azid, come to Domahay.'

Den gold I find for thee once more,
For thee to fields for flowers depart ;
To please de idol I adore,
And give wid gold and flow'r my heart.
Den let we die and haste away,
And live in groves of Domahay.

VARIETY.

It is well known, as a custom in many churches, that the women are placed on one side, and the men by themselves, opposite. A clergyman, in the middle of his sermon, hearing one of his congregation talk pretty loud, complained of it from the pulpit. A woman immediately rose up and thinking to defend her own sex, said, ' The noise is not on our side, reverend sir.' ' So much the better, my good woman,' replied the clergyman, ' So much the better: it will cease the sooner.'

A self-conceited coxcomb was introducing a acquaintance to a large company, whose phisio-gnomy was not very prepossessing: thinking to be extremely clever, he thus addressed the company who rose at his entrance: ' I have the honour to introduce to you Mr. —, who is not so great a fool as he looks to be.' The young man immediately added, ' Therein consists the difference between my friend and me.'

Men derive from riches more gratification of vanity than true happiness.

Vice seems to be the history of man, and virtue only his romance.

ONE day as the Count de Soissons was at play he perceived in a mirror that hung before him, a man behind his chair, whose countenance did not prejudice him much in his favour, and resolved to observe him attentively. Very soon after, he felt him cut off the diamond-buckle of his hat: he said not a word, but pretending to want something, he turned towards the sharper, and begged him to hold his cards: the other could not refuse him. The count went directly to the kitchen, and procured the sharpest knife he could get, which he hid under his cloak and entered the room. The sharper impatient to escape, rose to return the cards, but the count begged him to continue. In a few minutes after he came softly behind him, seized one of his ears, and cut it off: while holding it out to him he said, ' Here, Sir, restore my buckle, and I will restore your ear.'

A sharper of the town, seeing a country gentleman sit alone at an Inn, and thinking something might be made of him, went and sat near him. Having thus introduced himself, he called for a paper of tobacco, and said, ' Do you smoke, Sir?' ' Yes,' replied the gentleman, very gravely, ' any one who has a design on me.'

It is reported of an Armenian merchant, that, on hearing a very large vessel was cast away, on which all his wealth depended, he exclaimed,— ' My heart, I thank God, is still afloat; my spirits shall not sink with my ship, nor go an inch lower.'

EPIGRAM

Robert complain'd in bitter terms one day,
That Frank had ta'en his character away;
' I take your character!' says Frank, ' why
zounds!
I would not have it for ten thousand pounds.

ONE asking another which way a man might use tobacco to have any benefit from it: By setting up a shop to sell it, replied he

The son of Quintus Fabius Maximus advising that general to seize on a post, said, ' It will only cost a few men.' Fabius answered drily,— ' Will you make one of the few?'

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